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# The girl who was supposed to die

**forgotten**

63 2 3

## Chapter 1 by The Book of Stories

"What are you doing, you slacker? Cremate the body already, or I'll cut your payment!" A voice scolded a new employee, most likely. Or.. that's what I think what happened.

My eyes were swollen shut.

What...happened..?

Where was I, and why?

I tried to get up, but I was frozen in place.

"Uh..Sir..What was her name again..?"

"Why do you care?!"

"Just asking, sir."

The voice sighed. "Her name was..." There was silence, as if it was reading something. "Akane

There was footsteps and

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Whatever I was on, it started to get pushed by something.

They were going to cremate me!

## Chapter 2 by The Book of Stories



The movement stopped.

Something picked me up, and shoved me into something.

It was all quiet when my body felt like I burst into flames.

Oh, wait.

It was as if the heat had unlocked me from my death.

I screamed my head off, as I frantically tried to get out of the flame pit.

Successfully, I climbed out, my eyes slowly opening.

I saw a terrified man staring at my burnt body.

Before he has any time to react, I bounded weakly, but still quickly, to any exit.

I bursted out from the building and ran into the nearby woods.

It was very forrested, considering it was a place where funerals and things were held.

While leaving the place behind, I didn't notice a log in front of me, and I toppled over it, onto my burns.

Despite the pain, I kept running til my legs couldn't hold me any longer.

I was lost.

No one would find me.

I have a book for that.

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Then I'll went black.

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The aroma of fresh timber on a fire filled my nose. My burns from before felt less painful, but I still couldn't move around.

I could tell I wasn't where I was before. Silent, I lay in something that feels like a cot.

I gingerly turn on my good side, my eyes opening.

Right beside me, turned around, was some boy with black hair.

My face quickly reddened.

Before I could think, the boy tossed and turned, shifting in my way.

He took hold of me and wrapped around me like I was a teddy bear.

I tried to pry myself from this boy, and in about thirty minutes, he shifted again and I slipped out of the bed.

I went to a nearby dresser and stole a glance at the boy, instantly regretting it. He was pretty cute, and hopefully nothing crazy happened when I was out.

The dresser drawer had a mirror, so I pondered over myself, seeing my condition.

I had baby blue eyes with jet black hair, and high cheek bones. My short nose was accompanied by a bit of freckles, and my only burns were by my neck, arms and legs. I was pretty thin, and I had decent sized breasts. My clothing was brand new, so that meant someone changed me... I shudder. Gross..

I only had two questions:

Where am I?

And

Who am I?

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